The Honeſt Wooer,

His minde expreſſing in plaine and few termes, By which to his Miſtreſſe his love he confirmes.

To the tune of, *Lulling beyond ber.*

FAireſt perfection, ceaſe your moane,
ſpoile not your eyes with weeping,
For certainely if one be gone,
you may have another meeting:
I will not complement with oathes,
nor ſpeake you faire to worke your,
But ſave your eyes to mend your clothes
for it is I that love you.

I will not boaſt of ſubſtance great,
wherewith I can endow you,
Nor what apparell nor what meat,
I'm able to allow you;
You know 'tis time that all things tries
let then my affection move you,
And weepe no more but ſave your eyes,
for it is I that love you.

If I ſhould ſay y'have golden haires,
I ſhould both lye and flatter,
Why ſhould I ſay thine eyes are ſtars,
when there is no ſuch matter?
Every like is not the ſame
yet more I pitie above you,
To ſigh ſo ſore you are much to blame,
for it is I that love you

With courtly words I cannot court,
like one whoſe tongue is filed,
My ſubtill ſpeeches in that ſort,
poore women are oft beguiled:
I ſpeake no more but what I meane,
then doe as it doth behove you,
And doe not waſte your teares in vaine,
for it is I that love you.

You may, I know, have choice of men,
that many wayes excell me,
But yet in love I paſſe them all,
my conſcience this doth tell me,
Then let no riches buy my priſe,
nor flattering words remove you,
To ſigh and ſob you are very unwiſe,
for it is I that love you.

I am thy conſtant Pyramus,
be thou my conſtant Thiſbe,
That ſuch a match is made by us,
let this a ſealing kiſſe be,
I never will remove my vow,
nor theme any Laſſe above you,
Then ſcarce leave your ſorrow now,
for it is I that love you.

Now if you doe my love deny,
and utterly refuſe me,
I will not ſay for love I'le dye,
in that you ſhall excuſe me:
Some ſay ſo, yet meane nothing leſſe,
but pitty I hope will move you,
Not ſo put me to that diſtreſſe,
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The second part;

Being an answer of the Maiden kinde, Correspondent to the plaine Young-mans minde.

To the same tune.

As the last instant doth rejoyce,
when he hath found his mother,
So am I glad to heare the voyce
of you my constant Lover:
Beleeve me Harry if you will,
since I so true doe prove you,
Come when you will and welcome still
for it is I that love you.

I toled a false disloyall youth,
which caus'd me thus lamenting,
For in his words there were no truth,
but subtill circumventing;
Your use plaine dealing which is best,
so still it doth behove you,
And therefore let your heart at rest,
for it is I that love you.

And now henceforth I will give ore,
to weepe for him that scorns me,
And his affection I'le abhorre,
for no true love he beares me,
Mirth you I will rejoyce my heare,
let no false tales remove you,
Beleeve not every newes you heare,
for it is I that love you.

As Hypsicrats of Pontus Queene,
did follow her Mithridates,
Those wi uncouth woods & forrests green
so nothing shall separate us:

Ile circulate the word with you,
nought shall from me remove you,
Thinke not that I speake more than's
for it is I that love you. (true

Nor Lucrece nor Penelope,
shall be more chast than I will,
Ere I'le forsake my honesty,
ten thousand deaths I dye will,
You need not to repent your choice,
but let me true still prove you,
And so we shall together rejoyce,
for it is I that love you.

Judge not amisse, because to some
I prove your requesting,
Love is a thing that ought to be done,
without any fraud or jesting:
You love plaine dealing as you say,
then why should I disprove you,
Against my mind I cant say nay,
for it is I that love you.

And thus with mind reciprocall,
this couple were well matched;
The Parson told the Parish all,
and then 'twas quite dispatched;
I hope the love that 'tixt them past,
unto delight would move you.
Each of them bad this phrase toth' last,
for it is I that love you.

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